# NEW YORK JOURNAL
AND ADVERTISER.
W. R. HEARST.

162 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, MONDAY, APRIL 26, 1897.


*WEATHER FOR TO-DAY.—Rain, followed by clearing weather in afternoon; colder; southwest winds.*

## THE WALDORF DEMOCRACY.

The Hon. Grover Cleveland, twice President of the United States by grace of the common people, is still eager to save the Democratic party from itself. He is ready to draw an indictment against a whole nation—ready to set aside the 6,500,000 voters who strove to save the nation from the clutch of the trusts and the usurers last Fall as either conspirators or dupes. The Democracy which is not Clevelandism this favored beneficiary of the Democratic party denounces as sedition, and his denunciation was echoed Saturday night at the Waldorf by as comfortable and well fed a body of gentlemen as ever devoured a banquet at $12 a plate, and washed it down with the richest vintages of the sun-kissed vineyards of France. John G. Carlisle, in a brief moment of relaxation from his duty as attorney for the Kentucky Lottery Company, was there to speak on "Sound Currency." Bynum, in pursuance of his duties as the salaried manager of an anti-Democratic political organization, discoursed of "The National Democracy." Indeed, all the participants in the well-formulated plan to betray Democracy into the hands of the moneyed aristocracy were present to defend the national honor and help along their own personal interests with the trusts, the corporations and the money brokers of Wall street.

Of course the main tenor of the speeches was attack upon the Dingley bill. Mr. Cleveland, in his inimitable style of Johnsonese, berated the party which he more than any other man, except his colleague, Mr. Mark Hanna, helped to put in power for the very purpose for which it sought it. He and his fellow speakers pretended that they had believed the Republican Ethiopian could change his skin, and that only wonder and amaze attended their discovery that they had elected the same black protectionist whose tariff bill of 1892 put Mr. Cleveland himself in the White House. It was all a feast of unreason and a flow of hypocrisy.

The Journal does not believe that the Waldorf is the place, $12 a plate the means, nor Grover Cleveland the adviser for the rehabilitation of the Democratic party—if, indeed, after getting closer to the people than any party has been since Lincoln's time, it needs rehabilitation at all.

## THE SEA POWER OF THE GREEKS.

The superiority of the Turks by land, in the number, equipment and discipline of their army, in the Eastern war now raging, has been quite evident from the outset. In valor, devotion and readiness to die for his cause, the Greek has shown himself quite the equal of his Ottoman foe, and worthy of the magnificent spirit which made ancient Hellas as great in the arts of war as she was transcendent in the arts of peace.

But thus overborne on the one side, the question suggests itself why Greece has not made herself more effective in the use of her sea power, a kind of warfare, as Captain Mahan has clearly shown, which has been such a tremendous factor in national struggles for ascendancy. The Hellenic Government has kept itself abreast of modern progress in the attention it has given to its fleet. While the Greek infantry is armed with a style of rifle which has outlived its usefulness as against Mauser guns in the hands of the Turks, her war ships are practically of the most recent date, while the Turkish fleet is little more than a collection of hulks. It seems strange, then, that a more concentrated and telling use has not been found for this great war weapon. The Greeks are the best sailors of the Mediterranean, they possess a small yet a powerful steel-armored fleet, equipped with splendid batteries and with all the modern accessories of torpedo warfare. Yet so far they have done next to nothing which counts in the grand strategy of the war.

It seems to have been the goal of Greek strategy to send large bodies of men into Macedonia to cut the lines of Turkish communication, while engaging the main body on the frontier. Neither of these plans has been successful, and the banner of the Crescent has been steadily pushed onward. In no way could the Turkish base of supplies have been so endangered as by a successful assault on Salonica, at the head of the bay of that name. This important place captured, and the railroad which traverses it destroyed, the operations of the Turkish army in the front would be most seriously handicapped, if not checked. A naval movement of this kind at the very beginning would have had a striking effect, and been another illustration of Mahan's great theory.

## RUMOR OF EUROPEAN INTERVENTION.

Our dispatch from Berlin, quoting the statement of the Tageblatt, the most important journal of the German capital, conveys most important news. According to this, Russia, with the full assent of Germany, Austria and France, has delivered to the Porte its plan for a settlement of the quarrel with Greece. To have presented such a proposition is equivalent to an ultimatum. The plan of settlement proposes that Crete should be handed over to Greece, and in return Russia and the other powers bind themselves to protect the Ottoman Empire in her present European limits, minus the island over which the imbroglio began. For herself, Russia claims possession of Suda town and bay, in Crete, as a coaling station. So far as is now known, England has not been consulted in this reported arrangement, though there would, of course, be nothing for her but acquiescence.

Intervention, before this war could possibly be fought to its bitter end, has been felt to be a certainty. That it should come thus early is an agreeable surprise. Why this solution should not have been made in time to prevent the beginning of hostilities at all, which have already cost some thousands of lives, is one of the curious puzzles of European diplomacy. The possession of Crete by Greece is at the outset all that entered into the essentials of the quarrel. The affair could have been satisfactorily arranged without the loss of a human life. Red tape, international jealousies, offended conceit and all the other political frivolities which make up for the most part what is known as diplomacy in the Old World, must first be satisfied at any risk. The whole thing is a piece of historic irony, which has had many a parallel in years gone by. The public will wait with interest for further detail and fuller verification.

## THE CONDEMNATION OF DR. FARRAR.

The rigorous promptitude with which the Troy Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church dealt with the Rev. Dr. Hubbard C. Farrar on his confession of immorality will do a great deal toward neutralizing the evil effects of his fall. For forty years a preacher and religious writer, a Sunday-school worker and public teacher, Dr. Farrar, in his old age, was brought to bar before his brethren on a charge which he had at least the grace not to deny. There was none of that paltering with sin, none of that disposition to protect a brother by applying to him a more merciful standard than that by which the wordly are judged, which so frequently brings scandal upon the churches. In the face of his admission of guilt, Dr. Farrar's long life of apparent piety, his services to the church, his high standing, his years, counted as nothing. Without a dissenting voice he was expelled from the ministry and the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The punishment was stern, but it was just. No matter how much pity his friends and associates may have felt for him in his guilt and shame, they were inexorable in doing right and freeing the church from the possibility of the reproach that any tenderness shown him would have brought upon it.

The fate of the wretched Dr. Farrar, for whom in the squalid wreck of his life there cannot but be compassion, serves for more than a lesson to clergymen who may waver under the peculiar temptations to which they are exposed. It serves to remind society that in the churches it has organizations of men and women who are pledged to uphold a moral standard the rightfulness of which everybody acknowledges, but to which there is in many quarters a tendency to give only formal and not actual approval. The gain to right living through such an example of sincerity as that of the condemnation of Dr. Farrar is obviously very great. It is a satisfying answer to much sneering. So long as a church is morally sound, no matter what its creed, it will be a leaven of righteousness of which society, becoming more lax with the accumulation of wealth and the growth of luxury, stands much in need.

## THE JOURNAL AND ITS ADVERTISERS.

Two features of a newspaper afford infallible indication of the esteem in which it is held by the community in which it is published. Its circulation is the surest index, but, unhappily, some conscienceless publishers have so falsified their circulation statements that the public is excusably sceptical about the circulation figures offered by honest publishers. But the advertising business of a newspaper indicates the measure of confidence put in it by men trained to scrutinize and judge circulation statements.

To-day the Journal carries more general display advertising than any newspaper in New York. It is the only newspaper in this city which has increased its volume of advertising during the last year. The increase in the volume of advertising in the morning and Sunday editions for April, 1897—so far as passed—over April, 1896, was over 250 columns, or an average of about ten columns a day. One recent incident of notable importance was the printing in the Journal, April 18, of the largest patent medicine advertisement ever printed. It came to the Journal through Colonel Frank B. Stevens, who is recognized as among the shrewdest buyers of advertising space in the world.

As a rule the Journal carries few big advertisements, because it offers to the man who wants a page no rates which the man who desires a four-inch advertisement may not share. The merchant who contracts for a column gets it on exactly the basis which he who takes eight pages must accept.

The April advertising in the Sunday Journal tells the story of its success. Here are the figures:

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| April 4 | 135 | columns |
| April 11 (Easter number) | 212 | " |
| April 18 | 165½ | " |
| April 25 | 135½ | " |

These figures tell their own story. They indicate graphically the confidence of the advertisers in the Journal—confidence bred, first, of exact knowledge of its circulation; second, of understanding of the fact that all advertisers are treated alike in the matter of rates and the matter of position, and, third, by the pains taken to put every advertisement in the most tasteful, effective and admirable typography.

The advertisers are the professional scrutinizers of a newspaper's standing, and they have emphatically indorsed the Journal.

## THE ELEVATED RAILROAD DECISION.

A decision has been handed down from the Court of Appeals which involves the possible return of $638,218 taxes already paid to the city by the Manhattan Elevated Railroad Company. The case went up from the special and appellate divisions of the Supreme Court, which affirmed the validity of the assessments of 1894 and 1895. The Court of Appeals, reversing these decisions, orders a new estimate.

A reading of the argument of the railroad's counsel, which construction appears to have been accepted practically as sound by the highest court, discloses a singular view of what constitutes assets and liabilities. It was claimed by the lawyers that the $16,500,000 of capital and surplus shown by the company was offset by an amount of obligations greater than this amount. Such being the case, the entity of the personal property was wiped out, and was therefore non-assessable. The lawyers argued that the great value of the property, one of the most profitable stocks in the world, consisted in its franchises, and that these were non-assessable. The lawyers argued that the great value of the property, one of the most profitable stocks in the world, consisted in its franchises, and that these were non-assessable.

If this view is sound, then there can be no just taxation claim against the Manhattan Company. In other words, one of the most magnificent corporate properties in the world is not liable to pay its proportion to the powers which gave it existence, and which now give it protection, on the ground that its debts would wipe out its capital, which is represented largely by the plant by which its franchises alone can be made valuable. Thus tacitly admitting that the technical claim of the company lawyers is legal, a reassessment is ordered by the court. But on what, assuming that the entity of personal property is destroyed by an equal amount of debt, and furthermore that franchises are not taxable, is this new assessment to be made?

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It recalls old times to get another taste of Mr. Cleveland's rhetoric—that style beside whose ponderous majesty the style of Dr. Johnson becomes flippant and airy. And what a comfort it is, too, to know that what he says now carries no official weight, however heavy it may otherwise be. Mr. Cleveland sails solemnly down to history as the canal boat of literature.

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It seems that the Coroner's jury that investigated and rendered a verdict on the latest Virginia lynching was composed of men who participated in the affair. In view of the fact that their verdict attributed the hanging of the negro brute to the work of "unknown persons" their nerve appears unusually refreshing.

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The candidates for the seats of the late Congressmen Holman and Milliken are not the least bit backward in making known their desires. They don't allow little things like funeral ceremonies to deter their campaigns.

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The 6,500,000 people who voted the Democratic ticket last year can rest assured on one point. They excited the displeasure of Hon. Grover Cleveland.

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Senator Foraker compelled the President to send Hon. Bellamy Storer abroad. This is a very effective way of disposing of one's political enemies.

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The sons of great Democrats seem to take kindly to Republican habits. Young Samuel J. Randall is also clamoring for an office.

# Gossip from Gay Paree.

Paris, April 14.—The authorship of a crime which for more than five and a half years has remained one of the mysteries of Paris, during which time suspicion has been fastened upon several innocent men and women, and numerous arrests have been made, has just been established by an anonymous letter, written by a woman. On the night of October 10, 1891, Henri Titard, a well known Parisian journalist, was found in a dying condition about 12 o'clock at night on the pavement in the Place de la Bourse. He died in the hospital the following day without having regained consciousness; and an autopsy revealed the fact that his death had been caused by a sharp instrument, probably a knife, that had penetrated his brain through the right eye. As Titard was known to be a man of many gallantries in the Parisian sense, the police at once decided that he was the victim of jealousy—either on the part of an injured husband or an angry woman, and, proceeding on that theory, they arrested or kept under surveillance, at one time or another, most of the acquaintances of both sexes of the deceased journalist. It chanced that on the evening before his death Titard had called at the house of a married woman, living in the Rue des Petits Champs, had not been admitted and had refused to leave her door until the noise he made aroused the neighborhood. In the minds of the police this presented such a conclusive case against either the woman or her husband that only the strongest kind of an alibi, probably, saved one or the other from conviction for the murder of Titard. The police were nevertheless unable to fix the crime upon any one at the time, and the affair had been almost forgotten.

However, last Sunday M. Charles Husson had a violent quarrel with a girl with whom he had been sufficiently in love to make her his confidant. On Monday, M. Cochefort, Chief of the Secret Police of Paris, received an anonymous letter, in a feminine hand, in which the writer accused Husson of having killed Titard five years and a half ago. He was arrested yesterday and at once admitted his guilt, though his story, that is corroborated by two companions, indicates that the death of the unfortunate journalist was due to an accident brought about by his own hasty temper. It turns out that on the evening of October 10, 1891, Titard was crossing the Place de la Bourse about midnight, when he ran into Husson and two companions. It is probable that his experience in the Rue des Petits Champs earlier in the evening had not put him in good humor, for, according to their story he assaulted them without provocation, when Husson lunged at him with an umbrella, striking him in the face. The three then passed on, not even knowing who Titard was, and had no suspicion that he was seriously injured until they read of his death in the newspapers the next day, when they were afraid to make an explanation. Of course, the woman who wrote the anonymous letter is sorry for it by this time, and has already confessed her connection with the matter and made the usual attempt at suicide.

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Two or three speculators residing in the vicinity of the Hotel des Invalides, where a chosen two or three hundred of France's deserving old soldiers are permitted to terminate their illustrious careers in comfort and even luxury, have been interrupted in a commercial operation that was yielding satisfactory results. The pensioners of the Hotel des Invalides are not confined to their quarters, but are allowed to go abroad at will, provided that they return at a certain hour in the evening. It has often occurred that an admiring citizen has met one of these veterans in the streets and asked him, in recognition of his services to France, to partake of spirituous liquors in the nearest cabaret, and that the veteran has not refused. A not entirely unusual outcome of these circumstances has been that the warrior has returned to the Hotel des Invalides on both sides of the pavement in a condition of vinous exhilaration calculated to grieve his mother. As the spectacle of an aged pensioner, his breast covered with war medals, striving vainly to maintain his dignity and equilibrium in the public thoroughfare was not one to elevate the profession of arms in the popular mind, the military authorities some time ago established a fund whereby any one who brought back a hopelessly inebriated veteran to the Hotel des Invalides was paid a franc by the concierge at the gate. The speculators in question have been taking a low advantage of these conditions. Experiment proving that a pensioner could be made drunk at an average expense of 25 centimes, arrangements were made with certain publicans in the vicinity of the Invalides, and the old soldiers were brought in and tanked up by the wholesale. The professional Samaritans then steered their cheerful victims to the gate, one at a time, received the franc reward, and returned to continue the good work at a per capita profit of 75 centimes. It was not until the statistics of the Hotel des Invalides began to show an alarming increase of drunkenness among the pensioners that this unholy traffic was this week discovered and abolished.

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The Paris police have just captured an eminently Parisian burglar, whose description they have had for some time, and who was known to haunt fashionable places of amusement, and yet who was carrying on his depredations unmolested for two or three years. The burglar calls himself Jean Riat, but it is believed he will be identified as a member of some family of standing, since he is a man of undoubted breeding and education. Riat, as he calls himself, has conducted business on lines of his own. He never operated in low class districts, but every Summer regularly entered flats or private houses in fashionable neighborhoods and abstracted valuables while the owners were away at Trouville or Dieppe. Then in the Winter he operated in suburban villas, while the householders were in Paris, always escaping with his booty unchallenged. The police knew him to be a young man of about twenty-five, who was always dressed in the height of fashion; but as there are several young men in Paris who answer that description and who might object to arrest on general suspicion, Riat has long gone free. Last Wednesday night, however, an astute Commissary of Police observed a young gentleman, faultlessly dressed, with eyeglass in position and a flower in his button hole, in a box at the Nouveau Cirque, and somehow came to the conclusion that this was the particular young gentleman who was "wanted." The burglar was so taken aback when he was arrested that he at once admitted that he was the desired criminal.

FRANK M. WHITE.

# GIBE AND JEER FOR CLEVELAND.

## Cynical Persons at Washington Scoff at the Sentiments and Opinions Unloaded at the Reform Dinner.

By Alfred Henry Lewis.

WASHINGTON, April 25.—Men here are laughing at Cleveland's Reform Club speech. They scoff at the term "Reform" in this dinner table connection.

They declare that not a soul of patriotic disinterest plied knife and fork or filled clinking glass that night. They grin widely at Cleveland's oration. They argue that it was the merest announcement of the Never-Will-Be; an address of a Once-Was to an audience of Has-Beens. Of course, I listen to all this cynicism anent our ex-President, and this, his latest fulmination, with regretful not to say grief. For myself, I've had my shot and have fallen back. I therefore say nothing.

But I can't help hearing these others in their jeerings. They read his speech where he finds fault with the McKinley-Hanna syndicate, and accuses them of the bunco in politics; for that these folks won a fight on the financial issue and then called an extra session to pass a tariff bill. They read this, and then wonder whether Cleveland recalls the fact that he won a Presidency in '92 on the tariff issue, and then called an extra session to repeal the Sherman law. If he remembers all this, what does he call his action in that double-cross behalf? McKinley's conduct is the duplicate of his own.

Our Capital cynics read on to that part of Cleveland's utterances wherein he becomes as one mourning because the Republicans in their tariff antics fail to keep campaign faith with him and his. Then our cynics arch the derisive eyebrow and ask questions. What does Cleveland mean? How does McKinley come to owe Cleveland anything? Didn't he (Cleveland) write a letter of regret to one Bynum for that he (Cleveland) couldn't be present with those other lost dogs of the Democracy at Indianapolis, and bolt the Chicago nomination? Does he now pretend that the Palmer-Buckner campaign, whereof he (Cleveland), from first to last, was the bug under the chip, was not on the square, that it was mere bunco, that his sole purpose was to aid McKinley, and that McKinley owes for it? At this point our cynics laugh low and hard.

Going forward, they discover added food for their ill-natured glee in Cleveland, where he sweeps onward with the currents of his own smirky complacency and self-applause, to thank heaven he is not as other men, even as did the Publican of old.


Mason, the Trust Queller.

They say his conceit has swallowed him up. They wonder if he ever perused Burns at that well-thumbed part where he wails:

Oh, wud some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us.

That done, our idle claverers state that Cleveland wofully reminds them of Falstaff where he avers: "There live not three good men unhanged in England, and one of them is fat and grows old." They say, too, that all this exuberance on our late Chief Magistrate's part is the way he has of organizing to get in the way of a Mugwump nomination in 1900.

But after all they don't use harsh language about Cleveland. An "ex," they say, is a sheath without a blade; a bee without a sting; a cartridge of the breed known as blank. All that ever lured men was his patronage; and now he has no patronage. All that men ever feared was his veto; and the thunderbolt of that veto is no longer patent. It was quenched in the waters of present Princeton oblivion; waters which are to rise with the running tides of time. Therefore, they say, it is not worth while to be severe.

### Here Is Where They Wonder.

They do one thing more, however, these carping cynics of ours. They look over the list of guests, and as Cleveland denounces as un-American and Anarchistic such as Jones and Faulkner and Gorman and Cockrell and Bryan and all others who supported Bryan, and names them and their fellows as either treason-bitten or idiots born; when he does this and with the next breath hails his auditors as patriots of purest, oldest blood; when he does all this, I say, our critics here look over the list of guests and marvel what Ickelheimer fell with Buttrick in Concord fights; what Libenthal felled trees and fought Indians with Daniel Boone; what Schwabs and what Strauses stood shoulder against shoulder with Jackson at New Orleans, and later what Speyers and what Rothschilds fought with Grant about Vicksburg, and rode with that wordless soldier in the bloody battles of the wilderness. Of course, we know that these, with such as Carlisle—who, born in Kentucky, can't live there—and with Wilson—that lame little man of the academies, who exists only to do as Cleveland tells him—and Herbert and Tracey and Patterson—late lunkheads of the House. These three are, the last bulwarks of Americanism, the last citadel of refuge of the principles of Jefferson, because Cleveland tells us so; and we know that the six millions who voted for Bryan—albeit the blood of nine-tenths of them has been American for two hundred years without a cross—are determined menaces to a free people, because Cleveland tells us that, also. Yet, as I say, notwithstanding all this Cleveland-flung information and light, our cynics scoff at these truths and insist that the whole "Reform" Club dinner was only one of those amiable little pro tem. floats meant to help keep Cleveland bobbing on the surface of events until, in 1900, a Mugwump nomination might push to his relief. Let them laugh; the scorn of the sinner is the praise of the truly good.

### Heavy Weather for Trusts.

Senator "Billy" Mason is intending to oppose the trusts. I say this on his authority. No; Mason didn't lavish this on me. But in a loud heroic tone he told it to Frank Aldrich and the world at large up at the Shoreham cafe to-night. As Mason's tones could have been heard across the street, and as I was full fifty feet away and had my ears filled with them at that, I do not regard Mason's anti-trust confessions as confidential. I rather figure that he wants everybody to know them, and so I blithely bend a wire to his good advertisement. Mason first explained that he had been up lecturing McKinley on the merciful need of pardoning Dunlop, that editor of Chicago who was lately transferred to new fields of usefulness at Joliet for abusing the nation's mails. Next Mason grew fervent, not to say cogent, over Kohlsaat—who is also a Chicago editor, and because of the Chicago part naturally desires that his rival remain in prison for as long a period as may be—who is here and opposes the Dunlop pardon. Having freed his Senatorial mind on Dunlop and Kohlsaat, Mason glided to the subject of trusts and what he meant to do for their correction.

Mason, it would seem by his own good word, owes Hanna naught. McKinley nothing; neither does he fear them. Nor does Mason tremble before a trust. Therefore, as soon as the Tariff bill is before the Senate Mason will offer an intrepid, not to say an interesting, amendment. Mason will recite in his measure a list of trusts; the Sugar Trust, the Sewing Machine Trust, the Iron Trust (steel rails), the Whiskey Trust, the Cotton Trust, the Woollen Trust, the Rubber Trust, the whole wide and well known thieving world of trusts, in fact; and then proceed to place on the free list every article manufactured by these trusts. The Democrats will all vote for it; the Populists will all vote for it; Mason himself will vote for it, and there you are. The deed is done, the trusts are smashed, the bloody wheels of Mason's chariot have rolled over them, the hoofs of his war horses have beaten in their faces. Incidentally the McKinley tariff will be riddled like a rag.

Really, I'm not laughing. This is all serious. Mason is about to tear the tail off the Republican tariff and beat the McKinley-Hanna syndicate with the raw and dripping end. And the Democrats and the Populists will pat Mason's back and give him aid and comfort.

"It will make you President, Billy, if you do," gurgled an admiring auditor, for there were three besides Aldrich.

"I don't want to be President," retorted Mason. "I only want to be right."

Now what do you think of that from a Chicago statesman? Home made besides.

Mason has been here before, he knows Congress like a beggar does his dish, he is capable of carrying out his threat. The trouble with Mason is he's too buoyant, too careless, and too audible. If he were more furtive, and took more pains, regarded life as more of an etching and less of a cartoon, he would run a greater risk of treeing the trusts.

But alas and alackaday! The moment I say "trusts" I am reminded in my vainglory of what Colonel Ike said concerning our party fight for silver. "The reason I don't think we can win, son," and Colonel Ike's eye was dim with emotion, "the reason I don't think we can win is I'm afeered they'll buy us out."

# Talk of the Literary Shop.

"But why, why the people come here? What do they find here to like? What do they get in exchange for all they've lost?" "Here" is Southern California, and the questioner is Hilda Strafford, who has come out from England and married the man who has been waiting for her three years, and in the meantime getting his little ranch in order and bringing his lemon trees, by careful cultivation, almost to the point of bearing.

Soon after Hilda's arrival a tremendous storm of wind and rain destroys Strafford's reservoir, and with it the result of his three years' hard labor. As she views the devastation around her Hilda asks the questions quoted above, and receives this answer from her husband's friend, Ben Overleigh: "It's a land and a life for men, and not for women. We men gain in every particular; no more imprisonment in airless offices, but out-of-door freedom and our lives to ourselves and our own land. To you women, well"——

"Well?" she said, impatiently.

"To you women it is altogether different," he continued, "and unless you all know how to love desperately, there is not much to redeem the life out here for you."

Hilda's love for her husband is not equal to such a demand upon it, and she thinks with bitter regret of all that she has left behind her in England, and, losing her self-control one day, she allows her husband to see her real feelings. That is enough. Worn out by hard work and disappointment, the discovery that Hilda does not care enough for him to accept his lot in life puts the finishing touch to his despair and he dies.

After his affairs are settled and while Hilda is waiting for the cessation of a railroad strike to return home, she finds that she loves Ben Overleigh and lets him see plainly that for his sake she would gladly remain. But Ben has been in Robert's confidence and though strongly attracted by Hilda his loyalty to his dead friend forbids his responding to her advances and the cold-hearted Hilda returns to England, overtaken by the Nemesis of unreturned love.

This is a brief synopsis of "Hilda Strafford," Miss Beatrice Harraden's latest book, and to those of her admirers who had hoped for something as good as "Ships That Pass in the Night," it will be a distinct disappointment. The plot is of the slightest and there are no vividly drawn characters. Hilda is the most distinct of these, but even she is only indicated, and the men are shadowy to the last degree. Most women have it in them to imagine one good story, possibly to put it on paper. When they do this they are hailed with loud acclaim; when they do more they step from the crowd of "one-story writers" and take a place among the George Eliots and Mrs. Wards.

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In "The Great K. & A. Train Robbery" Mr. Paul Ford has given us a very entertaining and somewhat original story. Instead of leaving the discovery of the robbers until the last page he informs us frankly who they were and furthermore enlists our sympathy on their behalf to such an extent that when the purloined letters (the only things stolen from the mail car) are in danger of being given over to the person to whom they are addressed we thrill with anxiety. Although the book is a short one it abounds in action, the hero being imprisoned, pursued, caught with a lariat, almost shot and nearly hung in the course of sixty pages. As the story is told in the first person, however, we have the comfortable assurance that all will turn out right, and it does. We hope this book may have the somewhat extraordinary success of "The Honorable Peter Sterling," by the same author, which, although it is now some two or three years since it was published is just as hard to get at the libraries and is in its eighteenth edition.

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So famous have the performances of the Hasty Pudding Club become during the sixty years that have elapsed since the first one was given that the undergraduate members of the association have undertaken the publication of an "Illustrated History of Hasty Pudding Theatricals," prepared by Lloyd McKim Garrison, of the class of '78, with an introduction by John T. Wheelwright, of '76, and a title page specially designed by Francis G. Attwood, who was a classmate of Mr. Garrison. The book will be handsomely bound and will contain reproductions of the posters of the different performances which at present adorn the walls of the clubrooms. The number of orders received thus far for the book shows plainly the affection which the graduate members still feel for their old college club.

## The Jesters' Chorus.

"Mr. Bigsby, he wants to borrow your new lawn mower."

"Why, we haven't used it ourselves yet."

"Yes, sir; he says he wants to cut our grass before you get the machine out of order."—Chicago Record.

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"Have you anything to say?" obligingly inquired the leader of the vigilance committee, as he seized the end of the rope.

"Nothing, except that you can't keep a good man down," responded Weakly Tenplunks, the humorist, further attempts to conceal his identity being useless.—Detroit News.

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"Dear me!" exclaimed the two-headed girl, as the armless wonder suddenly gathered her to his bosom. "You always seemed so shy."

"Only in the presence of strangers," replied the youth, kissing her tenderly upon each of her marble brows.

And yet in the drama there is much that is truly and genuinely sincere.—Detroit Journal.

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"You call him a great doctor? Nonsense!"

"But he cures people."

"Supposing he does. I say he is a disgrace to his profession."

"May I ask your business, sir?"

"You may. I'm an undertaker, sir."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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"The queen is going to call on Mr. Astor and inspect his roses."

"That's just like those blooming aristocrats—always sniffing at everything that's American."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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"Why," asked the youngest imbiber of wisdom, "why is it that a politician always slaps you on the back when he shakes hands with you?"

"It is done as an evidence of good faith," explained the Cumminsville Sage. "He wants to show you that his hand is not in your pocket."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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"Pay as you go, William," said the grocery man to his assistant. "It's a good motto."

"Yes, sir."

"And, by the way, you needn't bother so much about Mr. Jaykins. He always pays cash, and when he takes anything he knows he can't get his money back. But be very careful about Mr. Jaykins. See that he gets the best of everything.

He owes us twenty-seven dollars."—Boston Star.